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## THE BLACK ROBE.

By Willie Collins.

—AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON-STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAG-DALLEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

Lady Loring found Miss Eyrecount in her own room. The little portrait of Romayne which she had drawn from recollection lay on the table before her. She was examining it with the closest attention.

"Well, Stella, and what does the portrait tell you?"

"What I know before, Adelaide. There is nothing false and cruel in that face."

"And does the discovery satisfy you? For my part I despise Romayne for hiding himself from us. Can you excuse him?"

Stella looked up the portrait in her writing-case. "I can wait," she said, quietly.

This assertion of patience seemed to irritate Lady Loring. "What is the matter with you this morning?" she asked. "You are more reserved than ever."

"No; I am only out of spirits, Adelaide. I can't help thinking of that meeting with Winterfield. I feel as if some misfortune was hanging over my head."

"Don't speak of that hateful man!" her ladyship exclaimed. "I have something to tell you about Romayne. Are you completely absorbed in your premeditations of evil, or do you think you can listen to me?"

Stella's face answered her. Lady Loring described the interview with Major Hynd in the minutest detail—including, by the way of illustration, the major's manners and personal appearance. "He and Lord Loring," she added, "both think that Romayne will never hear the last of it, if he allows these foreigners to look to him for money. Until something more is known about them, the letter is not to be forwarded."

"I wish I had the letter!" cried Stella.

"Would you send it to the bankers?"

"Instantly! Does it matter whether these poor French people are worthy of Romayne's generosity? If it restores his tranquillity to help them, who cares whether they deserve the help? They are not even to know who it is that assists them—Romayne is to be their unknown friend. It is he, not they, whom we have to think of; his peace of mind is everything; their merit is nothing. Say it's cruel to him to keep him in ignorance of what has happened. Why didn't you take the letter away from Major Hynd?"

"Gently, Stella! The major is going to make inquiries about the widow and children when he returns to London."

"When he returns!" Stella repeated, indignantly. "Who knows what the poor wretches may be suffering in the interval, and what Romayne may feel if he ever hears of it? Tell me the address again—it was somewhere in Islington, you said."

"Why do you want to know it?" Lady Loring asked. "You are not going to write to Romayne yourself?"

"I am going to think before I do anything. If you can't trust my discretion, Adelaide, you have only to say so!"

It was spoken sharply. Lady Loring's reply betrayed a certain loss of temper on her side.

"Manage your own affairs, Stella; I have done meddling with them." Her unlucky visit to Romayne at the hotel had been a subject of dispute between the two friends, and this referred to it. "You shall have the address," my lady added, in her laziest manner. She wrote it on a piece of paper and left the room.

Easily irritated, Lady Loring had the merit of being easily appeased. That meanness of all vices, the vice of sulks, had no existence in her nature. In five minutes she regretted her little outburst of irritability. For five minutes more she waited on the chance that Stella might be the first to seek reconciliation. The interval passed and nothing happened.

"Have I really offended her?" Lady Loring asked herself. The next morning she was on her way back to Stella. The room was empty. She rang the bell for the maid.

"Where is Miss Eyrecount?"

"Gone out, my lady."

"Did she leave no message?"

"No, my lady, she went away in a great hurry."

Lady Loring at once drew the conclusion that Stella had rashly taken the affair of the General's family into her own hands. Was it possible to say how this most imprudent proceeding might end? After hesitating and reflecting, and hesitating again, Lady Loring's anxiety got beyond her control. She not only decided on following Stella, but in the excess of her nervous appre-

hension, she took one of the men-servants with her in case of emergency.

CHAPTER III.—THE GENERAL'S FAMILY.

Not always remarkable for arriving at just conclusions, Lady Loring had drawn the right inference this time. Stella had stopped the first cab that passed her, and had directed the driver to Camp's Hill, Islington.

The aspect of the miserable little street, closed at one end, and swarming with dirty children quarrelling over their play, daunted her for the moment.

Even the cabman, drawing up at the entrance to the street, expressed his opinion that it was a queer sort of place for a young lady to venture into alone. Stella thought of Romayne. Her firm persuasion that she was helping him to perform an act of mercy, which was (to his mind) an act of atonement as well, roused her courage. She boldly approached the open door of No. 10, and knocked on it with her parasol.

The tangled gray hair and grimy face of a hideous old woman showed themselves slowly, at the end of the passage, rising from the strong-smelling obscurity of the kitchen regions.

"What do you want?" said the half-seen witch of the London slums.

"Does Madam Marillac live here?" Stella asked.

"Do you mean the foreigner?"

"Yes."

"Second floor." With those instructions, the upper half of the witch sank and vanished.

Stella gathered her skirts together, and ascended a filthy flight of stairs for the first time in her life.

Coarse voices, shameless language, gross laughter behind the closed doors of the first floor hurried her on her way to the rooms on the higher flight. Here there was a change for the better—here, at least, there was silence. She knocked at the door on the landing of the second floor. A gentle voice answered, in French, "Entrez;" then quickly substituted the English equivalent, "Come in." Stella opened the door.

The wretchedly furnished room was scrupulously clean. Two women, in dresses of coarse black stuff, sat at a small, round table, working at the same piece of embroidery. The elder of the two rose when the visitor entered the room. Her worn and weary face still showed the remains of beauty, in its finely-proportioned parts—her dim eyes rested on Stella with an expression of piteous curiosity.

"Have you come for the work, madam?" she asked, in English, spoken with a strong foreign accent. "Pray forgive me; I have not finished it yet."

The second of the two workwomen suddenly looked up.

"She, too, was wan and frail; but her eyes were bright; her movements still preserved the elasticity of youth. Her likeness to the elder woman proclaimed their relationship even before she spoke."

"And it's my fault!" she burst out passionately in French. "I was hungry and tired, and I slept longer than I ought. My mother was too kind to wake me and set me to work. I am a selfish wretch, and my mother is an angel!" She dashed away the tears gathering in her eyes, and proudly, fiercely, resumed her work.

Stella hastened to reassure them the moment she could make herself heard.

"Indeed, I have nothing to do with the work," she said, speaking in French, so that they might the more readily understand her. "I am here, Madame Marillac—if you will not be offended with me for plainly saying it—to offer you some little help."

"Charity!" cried the daughter, looking up again sternly from her needle.

"Sympathy," Stella answered, gently. The girl resumed her work. "I beg your pardon," she said; "I shall learn to submit to my lot in time."

The quiet, long-suffering mother placed a chair for Stella. "You have a kind, beautiful face, Miss," she said, "and I am sure you will make allowances for my poor girl. I remember the time when I was as quick to feel as she is. May I ask how you came to hear of us?"

"I hope you will excuse me," Stella replied. "I am not at liberty to answer that question."

The mother asked sharply, "Why not?"

Stella addressed her answer to the mother. "I come from a person who desires to be of service to you as an unknown friend," she said.

The face of the widow suddenly brightened. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "has my brother heard of the General's death, and has he forgiven me my marriage at last?"

"No, no!" Stella interposed; "I must not mislead you. The person whom I represent is no relation of yours."

Even in spite of this positive assertion, the poor woman held desperately to the hope that had been roused in her. "The name by which you know me may mislead you," she suggested, anxiously. "My late husband assumed the name in his exile here. Perhaps if I told you—"

The daughter stopped her there. "My dear mother, leave this to me." The widow sighed resignedly, and resumed her work. "Madam Marillac will do very well as a name," the girl

continued, turning to Stella, "until we know something more of each other. I suppose you are well acquainted with the person whom you represent?"

"Certainly, or I should not be here."

"You know the person's family connections, in that case, and you can say for certain whether they are French connections or not?"

"I can say for certain," Stella answered, "that they are English connections. I represent a friend who feels kindly toward Madame Marillac; nothing more."

"You see, mother, you were mistaken. Bear it as bravely, dear, as you have borne other trials." Saying this very tenderly, she addressed herself once more to Stella, without attempting to conceal the accompanying change in her manner to coldness and distrust. "One of us must speak plainly," she said.

"Our few friends are nearly as poor as we are, and they are all French. I tell you positively that we have no English friends. How has this anonymous benefactor been informed of our poverty? You are a stranger to us; you cannot have given the information?"

Stella's eyes were now opened to the awkward position in which she had placed herself. She met the difficulty boldly, still upheld by the conviction that she was serving a purpose cherished by Romayne.

"You had good reasons no doubt, mademoiselle, when you advised your mother to conceal her true name," she rejoined. "Be just enough to believe that your 'anonymous benefactor' has good reasons for concealment, too."

It was well said, and it encouraged Madame Marillac to take Stella's part.

"My dear Madame, you speak rather harshly to this good young lady," she said to her daughter. "You have only to look at her to see that she means well."

Blanche took up her needle again with dogged submission.

"If we are to accept charity, mother, I should like to know the hand that gives it," she answered. "I will say no more."

"When you are as old as I am, my dear," rejoined Madame Marillac, "you will not think quite so positive as you think now. I have learnt some hard lessons," she proceeded, turning to Stella, "and I hope I am the better for them. My life has not been a happy one."

"Your life has been a martyrdom!" said the girl, breaking out again in spite of herself. "Oh, my father! my father!" She pushed aside the work and hid her face in her hands.

The gentle mother spoke severely for the first time.

"Respect your father's memory!" she said. Blanche trembled and kept silence. "I have no false pride," Madame Marillac continued. "I own that we are miserably poor; and I thank you, my dear young lady, for your kind intentions toward us, without embarrassing you by any inquiries. We manage to live. While my eyes last our work helps to support us. My good eldest daughter has some employment as a teacher of music, and contributes her little share to assist our poor household. I don't distrust you; I only say, let us try a little longer if we cannot help ourselves."

She had barely pronounced the last words when a startling interruption led to consequences which the persons present had not foreseen. A shrill, wailing voice suddenly pierced through the flimsy partition which divided the front room and the back room.

"Bread!" cried the voice; "I'm hungry. Bread! bread!"

The daughter started to her feet.

"Think of his betraying us at this moment!" she exclaimed, indignantly. The mother rose in silence, and opened a cupboard. Its position was opposite to the place in which Stella was sitting. She saw two or three knives and forks, some cups and saucers and plates, and a folded tablecloth. Nothing else appeared on the shelves; not even the stray crust of bread for which the poor woman had been looking. "Go, my dear, and quiet your brother," she said, and closed the cupboard-door again as patiently as ever.

Blanche left them. Stella opened her pocketbook as the door closed.

"For God's sake, take something!" she cried. "I offer it with the sincerest respect—I offer it as a loan!"

Madame Marillac gently signed to Stella to close the pocketbook again.

"That kind heart of yours must not be distressed about trifles," she said. "The baker will trust us until we get the money for our work, and my daughter knows it. If you can tell me nothing else, my dear, will you tell me your Christian name? It is painful to me to speak to you quite as a stranger."

Stella at once complied with the request. Madame Marillac smiled as she repeated the name.

"There is almost another tie between us," she said. "We have your name in France—it speaks with a familiar sound to me in this strange place. Dear Miss Stella, when my poor boy started up by that cry for food, he had led to me the saddest of all my anxieties. When I think of him, I should be tempted, if my better sense did not restrain me

not put back the pocketbook. I am incapable of the shameful audacity of borrowing a sum of money which I could never repay. Let me tell you what my trouble is and you will understand that I am in earnest. I had two sons, Miss Stella. The elder—the most lovable, the most affectionate of my children—was killed in a duel."

The sudden disclosure drew a cry of sympathy from Stella, which she was not mistress enough of herself to suppress. Now, for the first time, she understood the remorse that tortured Romayne, as she had not understood it when Lady Loring had told her the terrible story of the duel. Attributing the effect produced on her to the sensitive nature of a young woman, Madame Marillac innocently added to Stella's distress by making excuses.

"I am sorry to have frightened you, my dear," she said. "In your happy country such a dreadful death as my son's is unknown. I am obliged to mention it, or you might not understand what I have said to say. Perhaps I had better not go on?"

Stella answered herself. "Yes, Yes!" she answered, eagerly. "Pray go on!"

"My son in the next room," the widow resumed, "is only fourteen years old. It has pleased God sorely to afflict a harmless creature. He has not been in his right mind since—since that miserable day when he followed the duelists and saw his brother's death. Oh, you are turning pale! How thoughtless, how cruel of me! I ought to have remembered that such horrors as these have never overshadowed your happy life!"

Struggling to recover her self-control, Stella tried to reassure Madame Marillac by a gesture. She had heard the voice which haunted Romayne—the conviction of it shook her with superstitious terrors from head to foot. Not the words that had pleaded hunger and called for bread, but those other words—"Assassin, assassin, where are you?"—rang in her ears. She entreated Madame Marillac to break the unendurable interval of silence. The widow's calm voice had a soothing influence which she was eager to feel. "Go on," she repeated, "pray go on!"

"I ought not to lay all the blame of my boy's affliction on the duel," said Madame Marillac. "In childhood, his mind never grew with his bodily growth. His brother's death may have only hurried the result which was sooner or later but too sure to come. You need feel no fear of him. He is never violent—and he is the most beautiful of all my children. Would you like to see him?"

"No; I would rather hear you speak of him. Is he not conscious of his own misfortune?"

"For weeks together, Stella—I am sure I may call you Stella—he is quite calm; you would see no difference, outwardly, between him and other boys. Unhappily, it is just at those times 'that a spirit of impatience seems to possess him. He watches his opportunity, and however careful we may be, he is cunning enough to escape our vigilance.'"

"Do you mean that he leaves you and his sisters?"

"Yes, that is what I mean. For nearly two months past he has been away from us. Yesterday only his return relieved us from a state of suspense which I cannot attempt to describe. We don't know where he has been, or in the company of what persons he has passed the time of his absence. No persuasion will induce him to speak on the subject. This morning we listened while he was talking to himself."

Stella felt the thrill of a sudden fear. Was it part of the boy's madness to repeat the words which still echoed in Romayne's ears? "Does he ever speak of the duel?" she asked.

"Never! He seems to have lost all memory of it. We only heard, this morning, one or two unconnected words, something about a woman, and then more that appeared to allude to some person's death. Last night I was with him when he went to bed, and I found that he had something to conceal from me. He let me fold all his clothes, as usual, except his waistcoat, and that he snatched away from me, and put it under his pillow. We have no hope of being able to examine the waistcoat without his knowledge. His sleep is like the sleep of a dog; if you only approach him he wakes instantly. Forgive me in troubling you with these trifling details, only interesting to ourselves. You will at least understand the constant anxiety that we suffer."

"In your unhappy position," said Stella, "I should try to resign myself to parting with him—I mean, to place him under medical care."

The mother's face saddened.

"I have inquired about it," she answered. "He must pass a night in the workhouse before he can be received as a pauper inmate in a public asylum. Oh, my dear, I am afraid there is some pride still left in me! He is my only son now; his father was a General in the French army; I was brought up among people of good blood and breeding; I can't take my own boy to the workhouse!"

Stella took her hand.

"I feel for you with all my heart," she said. "Place him privately, dear

Madam Marillac, under skillful and kind control, and let me, do let me, open the pocketbook again!"

The widow steadily refused even to look at the pocketbook.

"Perhaps," Stella persisted, "you don't know of a private asylum that would satisfy you?"

"My dear, I do know of such a place. The good doctor who attended my husband in his last illness told me of it. A friend of his receives a certain number of poor people into his house, and charges no more than the cost of maintaining them. An unobtainable sum to me. There is the temptation that I spoke of. The help of a few pounds I might accept, if I fell ill, because I might afterward pay it back. But a larger sum—never!"

She rose as if to end the interview. Stella tried every means of persuasion that she could think of, and tried in vain. The friendly dispute between them might have been prolonged, if they had not both been silenced by another interruption from the next room.

This time it was not only endurable, it was even welcome. The poor boy was playing the air of a French vaudeville on a pipe or flageolet.

"Now he is happy!" said the mother. "He is a born musician; d'coame and see him!"

An idea struck Stella. She overcame the inveterate reluctance in her to see the boy so fatally associated with the misery of Romayne's life. As Madame Marillac laid to the door of communication between the rooms she quickly took from her pocketbook the banknotes with which she had provided herself, and folded them so that they could be easily concealed in her hand.

She followed the widow into the little room.

The boy was sitting on his bed. He laid down his flageolet and bowed to Stella. His long silky hair flowed to his shoulders. But one betrayal of a deranged mind presented itself in his delicate face—his large, soft eyes had the glassy vacant look which it is impossible to mistake.

"Do you like music, mademoiselle?" he asked, gently.

Stella asked him to play his little vaudeville air again. He proudly complied with the request. His sister seemed to resent the presence of a stranger.

"The work is at a standstill," she said, and passed into the front room. Her mother followed her as far as the door to give her some necessary directions. Stella seized her opportunity. She put the banknotes into the pocket of the boy's jacket, and whispered to him:

"Give them to your mother when I have gone away." Under those circumstances she felt sure that Madame Marillac would yield to the temptation. She could resist much, but she could not resist her son.

The boy nodded, to show that he understood her. The moment after he laid down his flageolet with an expression of surprise.

"You are trembling!" he said. "Are you frightened?"

She was frightened. The mere sense of touching him made her shudder. Did she feel a vague presentiment of some evil to come from that momentary association with him? Madame Marillac, turning away from her daughter, noticed Stella's agitation.

"Surely, my poor boy doesn't alarm you?" she said. Before Stella could answer some one outside knocked at the door. Lady Loring's servant appeared, charged with a carefully-worded message.

"If you please, miss, a friend is waiting for you below." Any excuse for departure was welcome to Stella at that moment. She promised to call at the house again in a few days. Madame Marillac kissed her on the forehead as she took her leave. Her nerves were still shaken by that momentary contact with the boy. Descending the stairs, she trembled so that she was obliged to hold by the servant's arm. She was not naturally timid. What did it mean?

(To be continued.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Levi Bishop has collected some of the criminal statistics of Michigan. He says in 11 months in 1880 there were 104 attempts to murder; in one year from Sept. 19, 1879, 50, and in 1879, 97; total in the three years, 251. This increase he attributes to the abolition of capital punishment. He says: "Such is the abundant and melancholy harvest gathered from the sickly sentimental humanitarianism in Michigan in three years on the subject of capital punishment, which in the exercise of a false sympathy for a heartless and felonious assassin, forgets and wholly ignores the innocent but murdered victim and the necessary safeguards of society. And the number of these crimes has increased and is increasing, till they now number on an average two for each week."

At Entre Rios, in the province of Rio de Janeiro, 300 persons, who were returning from the funeral of a gentleman who had been murdered by four slaves belonging to his father, burst into the prison in which the slaves were confined, and, after dragging them into the street, hacked them to pieces.

HOUSEHOLD.

For those who will use hair oil, pure oil of the very finest quality, is the best. This must be procured in proper freshness and cannot fail being a powerful hair restorative.

Hair invigorator: A wash to stimulate the growth of hair in case of baldness is made from equal parts of the tincture of sulphate of quinine—five grains in an ounce of alcohol.

Orange pudding: Three eggs, three ounces butter, three ounces pounded sugar, one tablespoonful orange marmalade pounded. Put all together into a stewpan, stir it till well mixed, line your dish with paste, and bake it about half-an-hour.

An inexpensive and rather pretty bracket can be made by having a sheet of black Bristol board stamped with a pretty Roman embroidery pattern. Cut out the spaces the same as the linen is done; line with some bright color, and finish with chenille tassels on each point.

Farina jelly: Boil one quart of new milk; whisk boiling, sprinkle in slowly a quarter of a pound of farina. Continue the boiling from half an hour to a whole hour. Season with five ounces of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. When done turn into a mold, and place it on ice to stiffen. Serve it with whipped cream.

Irish stew: Take part of a neck of mutton, cut it into small pieces, put it into a kettle, the meat well covered with water; some onions cut in slices, pepper and salt; a number of potatoes must be cut rather larger than the meat (not sliced); put them at the top; let all stew together till done. A breast is nice done this way.

To remove wrinkles: Put pieces of cart plaster on the face where the wrinkles are inclined to come just before going to bed, and remove in the morning. The plaster contracts the skin and prevents its sinking into creases and lines. It also protects and softens the skin. Warm water should always be used to wash the face in, as it keeps off wrinkles.

Slippers made of cloth are nice for small children to wear round the house; they are very easy for the feet and help to play with so much less noise. Rip up an old disabled shoe and cut a pattern from it; cut the cloth and bind round the top and edge of sole with dress binding or tape, sew together wrong side out and turn. These, embroidered, make a fancy little slipper, besides they save the pennies.

A winter relish: Take a calf's or sheep's heart and liver, stuff the heart with forcemeat and roast it before the fire till done; take the liver, cut it in slices and fry it; take some gravy and a little melted butter, to which add a little cayenne, salt, ketchup and India soy to taste. Put the liver round the heart on your dish, and pour the gravy over to taste. Have ready rolled bacon and crisped parsley to garnish.

Hair restorative: A powerful restorative for the hair is half an ounce of oil of mace in a pint of deodorized alcohol. Pour a spoonful or two into a saucer; dip a small stiff brush into it, and brush the hair smartly, rubbing the tincture well into the roots. On bald spots, if hair will start at all, it may be stimulated by friction with a piece of flannel till the skin looks red and rubbing the tincture into the scalp. This process must be repeated three times a day for weeks. When the hair begins to grow apply the tincture once a day till the growth is well established, bathing the head in cold water every morning and briskly brushing it to bring the blood to the surface.

A hen's nest pudding: Pare and core twelve apples; fill them with sugar, white or brown; stick a clove in each apple, or scatter over them the thinly shredded peel of one lemon. Make a rich custard of two quarts of new milk, eight yolks of eggs, and ten ounces of white sugar; flavor the custard delicately with vanilla, unless the lemon already with the apples will suffice in your estimation. The tastes of different families diverge so widely, that a margin must always be left in the most exact recipe for such modifications as shall render it more or less palatable, according to circumstances. This pudding needs careful baking. Let the fire be slow, but be kept up to the same heat with which it is started.

Koumiss: As soon as the cow is milked, take one champagne bottle of milk, and into this put one tablespoonful of white powdered sugar previously dissolved; add one tablespoonful of brewers' or bakers' yeast, and shake all thoroughly, but not sufficiently to produce butter. Set the bottle in a warm place, where the temperature will be from eight to fourteen degrees Reaumur, and let it ferment. It is difficult to describe its appearance when ready for use, but this will usually occur in two or three days. The cork must be well tied in to prevent it being thrown out by the fermenting liquor. The next making of koumiss may be prepared from the first when it is four or five days old. One-third of a bottle of the old koumiss may be added to two-thirds of the new or fresh milk. Before drinking, shake the bottle well.

The English watch company of Loxell has this year carried off, in fair competition, the contract for watches for the Indian state railways, which has hitherto fallen to American manufacturers.

CUPID'S SHOT.

NET RESULTS OF A MOUNTAIN SLEDGE RIDE.

In the Catskills near Kingston, N. Y., there has just occurred an interesting incident in which figure two worthy aged residents of Ulster county. For a year past Nash Bush, aged 75 years, has been very attentive to Mrs. Elizabeth Lockwood, aged 65. He is a bachelor, the possessor of a valuable farm, and a neat bank account. She is a widow, also comfortably provided for. Mrs. Lockwood has made her home with a son whose opposition to the suit of Mr. Bush has been strenuous.

Mrs. Lockwood, who has a will of her own, has never listened with good grace to the words of her son. To his argument her usual answer was: "My heart is my own, and I guess I know how to conduct myself without coming to my child for advice. Now, I don't say I love Nash Bush, but I do say that if I did I would not care to marry him. I would do it without any palaver."

Chief among the reasons her son urged against the anticipated marriage, was the fact of excessive age. It was also his custom to refer occasionally to the somewhat different physiques of the aged lovers. Indeed, he has more than four-fourths of a century of life has acquired obesity, turning the scales at just 230 pounds; while the Widow Lockwood is a frail, withered little woman, weighing less than a hundred. A fortnight ago William D. Lockwood, the son, grew angry and ordered Mr. Bush from the house. Mr. Bush did as directed, and Mr. Lockwood congratulated himself that finally he was free from the prospect of a step-father.

On a Sunday morning the widow had a hired man harness up a horse to a sleigh for the avowed purpose of taking her to church. She had not been long gone when her son chanced upon an envelope addressed to her. That envelope contained a letter from Nash Bush, that had evidently been written in reply to one from Mrs. Lockwood. The writer of the letter implied his "heart's idol" to go on Sunday morning to a certain point on the public highway, where he would meet her, and in his sleigh from thence they would descend on the domain and be married. The billet closed with eleven original verses, of which the following is a sample—

I love you, Lizzy, very true;  
I'm going to love you all my life;  
I'm going to give you what I have got, I'm  
going to love you, when you do be my wife.

Mr. Lockwood ran out of the house, jumped upon a horse, and tore through the snow drifts. But he was behind time. "I pronounce you man and wife," said the preacher, just as the excited son hurried into the little country church, and on the altar, in the arms of his worthy mountaineer neighbors who had remained after the sermon to see the marriage ceremony, for which Bachelor Bush had arranged.

Discovering what had taken place, Mr. Lockwood said: "Well, I suppose there's no use in crying over spilt milk; what's done can't be undone."

"No, it can't be undone," triumphantly ejaculated the bride.

"That's so my dear," said the ancient groom, extending his chubby hand in token of good-will on the history and limits of the human voice, which he obtained after much patient research.

According to the doctor the primitive inhabitants of Europe were all tenors; their descendants of the present day are baritones, and their grandsons are basses, and more voices. Looking at the different races, he calls attention to the fact that inferior races have higher voices than white men. The voice has also a tendency to deepen with age—the tenor of sixteen being the baritone at twenty-five and the baritone at thirty-five. Complexioned people have higher voices than the dark-skinned, the former being usually sopranos or tenors, the latter contraltos or basses.

Tenors, says the doctor, are slenderly built and thin; basses are stoutly made and corpulent. This may be so, as a rule, but one is inclined to think there are more exceptions to it than are necessary to prove the rule. That same remark applies to the assertion that thoughtful, intelligent men have always a deep-toned voice; whereas triflers and frivolous persons have weak



## GREAT REDUCTION

ON PUBLICATIONS.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1881.

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

THORNTON.

Mr. Martin H. Foss, a well-known

business man and member of the Board of

Trade and of the Board of Trustees of

Hyde Park, died Friday evening Feb. 18th,

at his residence on the corner of Indiana

avenue and Forty-seventh street, of a

complication of typhoid fever and in-

flammatory rheumatism, after a brief ill-

ness of only a week's duration.

Mr. Foss was born April 2, 1832, in

Thornton, N. H., and came in 1853 to

Chicago. He returned in the course of

a few years to his home in the East, but

again came West, and about 1860 resided

in Chicago, and entered upon the same

business career which lasted up to the

time of the sickness which killed him.

After serving for a year as Grail in

the Board of Trade, he was ap-

pointed to the Board of Trade, and

in the present Board he was em-

phatically the financial member, his ability

to keep down expenses being so remark-

ably that the Board cannot fail to greatly

miss his valuable counsel.

On the Board of Trade Mr. Foss was

loved by all his associates. For some

years he served as a member of the Arbi-

tration and on the Board of the time of

his death he was on the Committee of

Receivers of Grail, in both of which posi-

tions he was greatly respected and

honored. Mr. Foss was also a member

of the Call Board and of the Receivers

and Shippers' Association.

Mr. Foss, who was married twice,

leaves a wife and three children,—sons

of 12 and 8 respectively, and a daughter

of 7 years of age. These are left in very

comfortable circumstances. Mr. Foss

being worth over \$100,000, besides being

joint owner of forty acres of land on the

South Side and to Hyde Park, and in

Illinois, Kansas, Utah, and Nebraska.

The funeral of the deceased, who was

a member of the Congregational Church,

will be held at 10 o'clock Monday after-

noon at his residence, from which the

coffin will go to Oakwood Cemetery.

The members of the Board of Trade,

many of whom called at the office of the

deceased yesterday to pay their respects

to his memory, will act as pallbearers,

accompanying to the grave a man who in

all his relations of life was upright, able,

and honorable, and whose loss will be

greatly felt by the large circle of friends

and by the business community gener-

ally.—Chicago Tribune, Feb. 6.

The Board of Trade adopted the fol-

lowing Saturday:

Whereas, The members of this board

have learned with profound regret of the

sudden demise of our late fellow-member

and business associate, Martin H. Foss;

therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Martin

H. Foss this board has sustained an al-

most irreparable loss, and in bowing to

this sudden dispensation of Divine Pro-

vidence, we take this occasion to pay

to his memory the highest tribute of re-

spect and honor, and to express a re-

markably high and noble character, and

an association, an efficient officer, and an

exemplary man in all walks of life.

Resolved, That we under our profound

sympathy to the family of the deceased

in this their hour of bereavement and

affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolu-

tions, duly attested by proper officers, be

forwarded to the family of the de-

ceased, and also be spread upon the

records of this association.

The funeral services of Mr. H. Foss

took place yesterday from his resi-

dence, on the corner of Indiana avenue

and Forty-seventh street, to Oakwood

Cemetery. This was the residence of

the deceased, and was provided by

friends long previous to the death of

the deceased for the funeral services.

The pious lamentations of a little

7-year-old girl for her dead father were

very touching and brought tears to the

eyes of many stout men. The floral trib-

utes were numerous and expressive.

Among others were: A star and crescent,

the star containing the word "Rest" and

the crescent "Father;" a star with the

word "Brother;" a star, crown, and

broken column, a sickle and a sheaf of

wheat, and a sheaf of wheat, were con-

ducted by the Rev. E. F. Williams, pas-

tor of the South Congregational church,

of Oakland, assisted by the Rev. Mr.

Everett, of Plymouth church, Michigan

avenue and Twenty-sixth street.

The services commenced by the choir

singing, "The Millow Eve is Gilding."

Appropriate portions of the Scriptures

were then read, and the choir chanted

"Come unto me, and I will give you re-

st." The Rev. Mr. Williams then made

good qualities of head and heart which

distinguished their departed friend, and







